

How to Find your Leg

by Awesome-and-Possum

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Summary: Hiccup wakes up one day to find that he's missing something important! Not to mention a missing wife, crazy grandchildren and a hungry dragon! Whatever will he do? Possum's first fanfiction, please R&R!

How to Find your Leg

****So, my first fanfic. This is set about 50 years after the movie, and the characters are all pretty old, if you can't tell. This is supposed to be funny, so yeah... enjoy.****

Hiccup groggily rolled over, pushing aside the woollen blankets. He ran his fingers through his greying hair and groped around for his prosthetic leg, which he kept under the bed. He sat straight up, fully awake.

It was gone.

Hiccup pulled on one of the two baby blue leg warmers Astrid had knitted him and hopped down the stairs as best he could, being short a limb and all.

"Astrid?" he called. The house was empty. There was charred chicken sitting in a pan on the slowly fizzling fire. A half-knitted pair of bright red leg warmers sat on a chair in the corner.

A drop of water fell onto Hiccup's nose and he looked up, annoyed.

I've got to get that miserable roof fixed soon, he thought to himself.

"Astrid?" he tried again.

Silence.

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Toothless sat up on his haunches and yawned. The rising sun glittered off his toothless gums, and he peered out into the light, expecting to find Hiccup bringing a basket full of breakfast. Instead, he saw a hunched figure with an abnormally large nose carrying a long, thin package wrapped in furs. Toothless' wide, sleepy eyes narrowed down to slits and he lunged. The figure turned around, and Toothless stared into the terrified face of Snotlout!

50 years ago, the old Viking would have put up a fight. But being old, surprised, and with a bad case of arthritis, he was no match for the dragon. They rolled dragon after grandpa after dragon after grandpa until Toothless detached himself from the old man and waddled over to his package, which had been flung onto the path. He ripped apart the furs and held up a small wooden sword, giving Snotlout a questioning look.

"That? Uh, just some toys for the grandkids, y'know..."

Toothless was already rooting through some leg warmers Astrid gave away in one of her generous moods and found what he was looking for: fish.

"But that's forâ€" "

Toothless burped and took off, clutching what was left of the mangled package towards the village, leaving Snotlout with no choice but to follow.

When Toothless reached the house of Snotlout's children, he placed the package at the doorstep, gobbled up the rest of the fish and ran back up the path. He passed a red-faced Snotlout, who gave a little "Thanks, Toothless!" and snuck up the hill to Hiccup's house.

...

Hiccup had just managed his way out the door by the time Toothless reached him.

"Hey, buddy," Hiccup mumbled, leaning awkwardly against the dragon. "Listen, there's something we need to find." He gestured to the empty space just below his knee.

Toothless nodded, as if to say, _Yeah, but when do I get breakfast?_

If you've never jumped onto a hungry dragon without all your extremities attached, I suggest that you don't try to. Hiccup clambered onto Toothless' broad black back and they set off to the village.

"Hiccup? Is that you?" A very old Fishlegs squinted through his wire-rimmed glasses up at Hiccup.

"Hi, Fishlegs, I was just â€" "

"Could you take a look at the new catapult you were supposed to look

at last week for me?"

"Uh, sure thing, as soon as I find my â€"

He was cut off by a chorus of delighted shrieks.

"Grandpa Hiccup!" chimed five young Vikings as they attempted to jump onto a very confused Toothless.

"Not right now, Odien, I'm trying to find my â€" and he fell into the dirt.

Hiccup coughed through the dust and looked up into the worried face of his daughter. He gave her a half-hearted smile.

"_What_ are you doing down there, dad?"

Hiccup hung on to Toothless as he pulled himself back to his feet â€"er, foot.

"Just having some _fun_ with the kids," he muttered before climbing back aboard.

"I see."

Hiccup and Toothless checked ever home and shop in the village. No one had seen any sign of Hiccup's leg, except for the butcher, who nodded excitedly before trying to sell them a chicken leg. Toothless had looked hopefully at it, until Hiccup explained to the butcher that it wasn't quite the sort of leg they were looking for, and that they really should be going now, glancing pointedly at Toothless.

"Well, buddy," he muttered, discouraged. "Got any other ideas?"

Toothless nodded and ran towards the docks.

The sun was high in a cloudless sky and glittering off the water when old man and dragon reached the creaky wooden docks. They had been set in place years before Hiccup's father was born, and had certainly been taking a beating from the recent storms on the island. Toothless shuffled down the steps and promptly began eating fresh fish from an unsuspecting fisherman's basket. This wasn't exactly the kind of idea Hiccup had in mind, and he slid off Toothless' back.

"Of course," he rolled his eyes at the dragon. Toothless burped innocently.

Hiccup scanned the horizon, knowing that there had to be someplace they had missed. The forge!

"That's it!" Hiccup shouted, causing Toothless to nearly choke on a fish.

He scrambled onto his dragon once more, and the pair took off for the forge.

Hiccup peered cautiously inside the door of the forge and was flabbergasted at what he saw. Astrid stood hunched over the table,

with a wrench in her hand, pulling apart bolt after bolt on a very twisted and rusted leg. And not just any old prosthetic lying around the village. It was Hiccup's. She looked up.

"Oh, Hiccup!" Astrid hastily dropped the wrench and hid the fake leg at her back. "W-what are you doing here?"

"Looking for something. What are you doing here?" he countered.

Astrid stuck out her chin. "Nothing."

Hiccup eyed the leg. "Nothing, hmm?"

"Nothing."

Hiccup snatched the leg from her shaky hands. "So this is nothing?"

Astrid gulped and looked down at the floor. "I was trying to fix it. M-my nadder stepped on it and I was hoping you wouldn't notice, but obviously â€"

"You're right. It's nothing," Hiccup said, giving her a squeeze, which she received grudgingly. "But if you really want to go about fixing a leg..."

**Anyways, I hope you liked it. I tried to make them all nicer to each other in their old age, y'know? Constructive criticism is appreciated, 'cause how else am I supposed to get better? Was it lame? Stupid? Incredibly boring? I'll never know if you don't review.
**

So long for now, Possum

End
file.